

A  
A  
0  
0  
0  
3  
6  
4  
5  
4  
7  
0





THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation







The Lady of the Scarlet Shoes  
And other Verses  
By Alix Egerton



LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET, W.

# The Vigo Cabinet Series

*An Occasional Miscellany of Prose and Verse*

*One Shilling, net, each Part*

No. 1. THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY AND OTHER LYRICS  
OF THE WAR, 1899-1900. By the REV. CANON  
SKRINE, late Warden of Trinity College, Glenalmond,  
Perth.

"Canon Skrine writes admirably. His lyrics have strength and  
tenderness. They should find a wide public."—*Outlook*.

No. 2. HOME IN WAR TIME. Poems by SYDNEY DOBELL.  
Selected and Edited by WILLIAM G. HUTCHISON.

No. 3. SILENCE, ABSOLUTE AND OTHER POEMS.  
By F. ERNLEY WALROND.

No. 4. SEA VERSE. By GUY J. BRIDGES.

No. 5. HAROLD THE SAXON, AND OTHER VERSES.  
By TINSLEY PRATT. Author of "Persephone in  
Hades," &c.

No. 6. THE CYNIC'S BRIEVIARY. Maxims and Anecdotes  
from NICOLAS DE CHAMFORT. Selected and Trans-  
lated by WILLIAM G. HUTCHISON.

"The translator of this invaluable little book does not, in recom-  
mending his work, claim for it the merit of 'supplying a long-felt want';  
yet this, it must be allowed, is the least praise that could be bestowed on  
it. Rarely indeed does one come across a book so deserving of this com-  
mendation; rarely that the want, so glaringly apparent, is so completely  
satisfied."—*Sunday Special*.

THE LADY OF THE SCARLET  
SHOES



# THE LADY OF THE SCARLET SHOES

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

ALIX EGERTON

LONDON

ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET

1903



PR  
4649  
E 31 L

HEART'S DEAREST

To You,

*Who have come back to me out of the Golden Age,  
Who first taught me to believe in happiness,  
Who first led me into the Enchanted Land.*

858414

OF these, "The Beacon" has already appeared in *The Pilot*, "The Lady of the Scarlet Shoes" in *A Broad Sheet*, "A Love Song of the Pyrenees" and "The Lament of the Dead Knight" in *The Green Sheaf*.

## Contents

	PAGE
The Lady of the Scarlet Shoes . . . . .	9
Paolo and Francesca . . . . .	13
R. de M. . . . .	14
In the Silence. . . . .	15
The Beacon. I. . . . .	17
„ „ II. . . . .	19
A Supreme Moment . . . . .	20
Phantoms . . . . .	21
A Prayer . . . . .	23
The Inner Chamber . . . . .	24
A Song to Youth . . . . .	25
A Shrine . . . . .	27
Anniversaries . . . . .	29
The Invisible Way. . . . .	31
The Legend of Rosial . . . . .	33
The Spell . . . . .	39
The Graveyard on the Hill . . . . .	42
The Ghost-Child. I. . . . .	44
„ „ II. . . . .	47

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Cry of the Coward . . . . .	49
To La Lumiere . . . . .	51
A Folk-Song . . . . .	53
A Love Song of the Pyrenees . . . . .	55
A Ballad of Old France. . . . .	56
The Lament of the Dead Knight . . . . .	58
Nuit Blanche . . . . .	60
Monsignore . . . . .	62
A Farewell to Darthool . . . . .	64

## The Lady of the Scarlet Shoes

SHE wound her hair about her head,  
    Red as the autumn trees ;  
While her lips flamed red, and her long eyes  
    glowed  
    Like amethystine seas ;  
And she bore herself with the stately grace  
    Of a poplar in the breeze.

Over her ashen face she flung  
    The white veil of a bride ;  
And without a pause, or look, or turn  
    Went pacing by his side.

THE LADY OF THE SCARLET SHOES

What a king had sold, a king had bought.

(So onward flows the tide.)

But as they paced along the aisle,

The king bent down his head,

And he shook like an aspen leaf and turned

As pale as do the dead ;

Though her dress was white as a bride's should be,

Her shoes were poppy-red.

. . . . .

“ I saw you start at my scarlet shoes,

I heard your breath come short ;

My heart is his, though my body yours

Through the wrong that you have wrought ;

I was a chattel to sell,” she cried,

“ And you, the merchant, bought.”

## THE LADY OF THE SCARLET SHOES

“ You may remember, on Lammas Eve,  
    You found us in the wood,  
My Love and I, with our arms entwined,  
    As heart to heart we stood.  
Your sword was sharp, and his back was turned,  
    My feet were bathed in blood.

“ Sold by a king and bought by a king,  
    Daughter and bride a slave ;  
But the Sacrament of Blood that binds  
    ’Twas you alone who gave ;  
And whether I live as widow or wife,  
    Or sleep in an unknown grave,

I shall reign a Queen ; my haughty face  
    No bleeding heart shall tell,  
But the blood and scorn of two lovers wronged  
    You shall remember well,

THE LADY OF THE SCARLET SHOES

For my feet will be shod with scarlet shoes  
Till we meet again in hell."

. . . . .

In an ancient chapel, far away,  
Among the sculptured dead,  
There lies a lady wondrous fair,  
A crown upon her head,  
Though her marble form is white as snow,  
Her shoes are poppy-red.

## Paolo and Francesca

(LOVE'S HOUR.)

LISTEN. The mad blood pulsing in my heart  
Answers the light in thy belovèd eyes,  
Sings wordless hymns of silent ecstasies  
Where neither past nor future has its part.  
With thine arms round me and thy lips on mine,  
What need, my King, for words between us now,  
Our kisses are as sacred as a vow.  
We are two creatures touching the divine.

Two souls, that Fate, for one hour has set free,  
Two naked souls bathing in Passion's light.  
What though the day be followed by the night,  
To-day is my eternity with thee.  
The future may be Death, but come what may,  
Dying to-night I shall have lived to-day.

## R. de M.

So unselfconfident, and yet so proud,  
So much has borne, so much yet to endure ;  
With every chance he yet remains obscure,  
Dwelling in solitude among the crowd.  
He could not face the world, unless disguised,  
For Fear rides ever constant at his side,  
None know it, his indomitable pride  
Upholds the honour he has always prized.

With all his wealth of failures, yet, the right  
To wear his golden spurs he won at length,  
Through his great love, which is his only  
strength ;  
And truly is he called " The Silent Knight."  
Be this his epitaph when comes the end :  
" A true Knight always and most loyal Friend."

## In the Silence

You sleep—

And I sit in the dark so still,  
That my thoughts, wandering at their will,  
Hear echoes of the voice of Israfil.

You sleep—

While I pluck dream-flowers by the way,  
Weave them in garlands fair, and lay  
Them at your head and feet, a Queen's array.

You sleep—

And when you fold your great white wings,  
In a thin voice my spirit sings  
Of Love and of unutterable things.

IN THE SILENCE

You sleep—

And so I turn to find my rest,

My spirit, with its passion all confest,

Becomes a white bird lying on your breast.

## The Beacon

### I.

“ And the keeper of the beacon was a leper.”

HIGH up within the watch-tower, far from all,  
His post was set, year in year out the same,  
Only to keep a little burning flame  
In the iron cresset on the turret wall.  
A silent solitude was this his doom,  
His destiny to view the world from far,  
A leper, yet to emulate a star,  
A thread uncoloured in Fate's endless Loom.

Alone he watched the signs of all the days;  
He saw the pageant train of life pass by,

## THE BEACON

Yet never might he join the hue and cry  
That follows on the Phantom-Leader's ways ;  
A strange pathetic form against the skies,  
He stands and speaks to all the centuries :

## The Beacon

### II.

“ Be brave, be strong, stand to your post and hear  
The noise of battle flying down the wind,  
The cries of all the stragglers left behind,  
But give no house-room in your heart to fear.  
Stand to your post and watch the victors ride,  
How the sun trembles on the throng below,  
While they sing songs of triumph as they go,  
But give no ear to envy at your side.

Let others pass you on the road to Fame,  
And let their benediction be your smile,  
And murmur not, for lo, in no great while  
The victors and the vanquished are the same ;  
The noblest work is not more greatly blest  
Than is the lowest, the reward is rest.

## A Supreme Moment

I CROSSED the deserts, scaled the fearful heights,  
And reached at length the summit's topmost peak.  
And lo, I stood within the very dome of heaven  
And heard my heart sing up among the stars ;  
I saw the world roll on and ceaseless Time  
Pass by and leave me there untouched, alone.  
I knew no pain or sorrow, doubt or fear  
Could change or harm me. All my soul was filled  
With living, radiating, pulsing joy,  
A joy that from its own creative power,  
Came forth in waves and streams of wondrous  
light,  
I seemed to be transformed into a star,  
Swinging for ever in Eternal Space,  
Chanting for ever the Eternal Song,  
I knew what it must feel to be a god.

## Phantoms

A HORROR of great darkness hangs round me,  
The air is thick and black and filled with forms,  
Which loom and change and pass and loom again ;  
Flat, viscous, shapeless faces, white, obscene,  
With eyes that squint and scowl, and some that  
gaze

Medusa-like, and almost freeze my blood ;  
With lips betokening every sin in hell,  
That writhe and leer and mouth some awful word.  
These forms, I see, have hands, long skinny hands,  
Some are like claws, crooked and bent with greed,  
And there are damp thick fleshy hands that ooze,  
While one or two are dripped and stained with  
blood.

## PHANTOMS

So, in the fearful silence of the dark,  
I feel their soundless moving round my bed,  
I see the hands stretch out to clutch at me,  
While I lie cowering, voiceless, vision-bound,  
Knowing if one should touch me I should die.

## A Prayer

OH, let me hold some corner in your heart,  
However small but let it be for me,  
For me alone to fly to in all hours—  
My heaven, my home, my burial-place, maybe ;  
Through sundering years and worlds still I would  
    hold  
That refuge mine, to all eternity.

To live within your heart, the lowest place  
Is all I ask, yet it is much, I know ;  
But I would lie so still there, and around  
The love-flowers of my life and thoughts would  
    grow ;  
And that I dare to seek this highest good  
My only pleading is—I love you so.

## The Inner Chamber

MY soul dwells in its inner chamber, and it dreams  
Of one fair woman and her moonlight eyes,  
Dreams of the music of her speaking, of her smile,  
Of all the magic that there hidden lies,  
Dreams of the dear remembrance of her hands  
    and lips,  
And with the wonder of it all, it sighs.

My soul dwells in its inner chamber, and it leads  
A double life through all the days and years,  
By all the Beautiful in life draws near to her  
And weaves a web of silver with its tears ;  
Calling her by the name that has been only hers,  
It wonders in the silence if she hears.

## A Song to Youth

FLY with the wind  
When the wind is fleet,  
Drink of the cup  
While the draught is sweet ;  
Dance in the sun  
When the world is gay,  
For every soul has its halcyon day,  
Though it passes away—away.

Stand to the storm  
Though the storm blows free ;  
Fight to the death  
With thine enemy ;

## A SONG TO YOUTH

Heed not thy wounds  
In the bloody fray,  
For every soul has its stormy day,  
But it passes away—away.

Lay down thy work  
When the days are done ;  
Smile a farewell  
To the setting sun ;  
Fear not thine Hour  
Nor the looming Grey,  
For every soul has to sleep one day,  
And it passes away—away.

## A Shrine

You who have lived deep hidden in my heart,  
In its most sacred shrine, its holiest place,  
Surrounded by a quivering mist of gold,  
You might see always in the shadow space  
Beyond, a silent figure kneeling there,  
A worshipper, who gazes on your face.

There, where no stranger step can ever come,  
Alone with you I have knelt there for years,  
My hands outstretched only to touch your feet ;  
That I might weary you, my only fears,  
Or grieve you with my longings, so at times  
I hide my face lest you should see my tears.

## A SHRINE

I forget all the world, and all its pain,  
In dreaming contemplation of my shrine;  
Sometimes you turn your face so I can see  
Your eyes speak love in answer back to mine;  
I would kneel there for ever just to catch  
Those fleeting glimpses of your heart divine.

## Anniversaries

Oh, wondrous Days !

How was it, when in all the years before,  
You passed me, that I never guessed the store  
Of precious hours you held in trust for me,  
Nor heard some distant strains of melody,  
Some prelude of the music yet to be,  
That you will sing to me for evermore.

Oh, wondrous days !

As you went past me then in robes of grey,  
Now are my eyes dimmed by your bright array ;  
I see you wrapped in trailing robes of gold,  
With rainbow crowns, that grow nor faint nor  
cold,

## ANNIVERSARIES

While Time can never make your faces old  
Now when you meet me on the year's highway.

Oh, golden Days !  
Of all your sisters still most dearly dear,  
I stretch my hands to greet you drawing near ;  
Oh, fold your arms around me. Let me feel  
The beating of your hearts, and, as I kneel,  
Bend down to me and let your kisses seal  
The memory of that dream of yester year.

## The Invisible Way

A long straight road,  
Thick with the dust of passing to and fro,  
All through the day, a band of glaring white  
Lies clear between the lines of hedge and trees,  
But in the evening shadows, mauve and blue,  
Fall slanting half across its pallid face,  
Bathing one's footsteps in a dusky stream,  
Though the sun, reaching up above the hedge,  
Still presses warm, sweet kisses on one's cheek.

The road is long and straight, its end so vague,  
It seems that it must lead to some fair place,  
Some mystic garden hidden among the trees ;

### THE INVISIBLE WAY

There, where the two roads branch to right and  
left,

There must be yet a third, so overgrown,

The casual have ever passed it by

And never dreamed they were so near to Eden.

But every time I wander down the road,

My heart beats high with hope, and every time

I try to find the entrance there concealed ;

I know my Love is waiting there for me ;

Sometimes I catch the sunlight on her hair,

Sometimes I hear her footfall on the grass,

Sometimes I seem to hear her call my name.

I know that when I find that Way unseen

That she will meet me, and with outstretched  
hands

Will draw me in, and she and I will go

Down the long glades together, side by side.

## The Legend of Rosial

THERE is a legend told of Rosial,  
Whom men called Witch. They drove her out  
of doors,  
And tried to drown her, but she floated free ;  
They sought to burn her, but the fire was  
quenched,  
And so she lived—a hunted, outcast thing—  
Deep in the Forest, far from haunts of men.

One twilight came a Stranger down the road,  
Past where she sat, crooning a lullaby,  
He gazed at her, in silence, till she cried,  
Flinging her white face up to catch the light :

## THE LEGEND OF ROSIAL

“Who art thou, with those wounded hands and  
feet,

With that worn face ringed by a silvery line ?

Why dost thou come to break my solitude ?

Here where there ventures neither man nor beast.

Dost thou not fear my spells ? I am a witch.

Hast thou not heard of all my sorceries ?

How I bewitch all folk who cross my path ;

How evil follows where my eyes may fall.

Yet it was not so always. Years ago

I used to dance the summer days away

And sing for all the beauty of the world ;

I was a child so innocent and glad,

Who knew no wrong, but being beautiful,

A great man loved me, or he seemed to love,

And I—I yielded to his passion’s will.

’Twas thus he drove me, guiltless, down to hell ;

## THE LEGEND OF ROSIAL

Through him I suffered countless torturing hours,  
Hot shame and degradation and despair  
Like leaden fetters weighing down my heart.  
He killed my faith, I could not even pray,  
I feared to sleep, to wake, to live, to die ;  
I could not rest, but fled a hunted soul  
Along the days, while ever at my back  
The Arch-fiend shrieked damnation in my ear :  
*Unclean, unclean, unclean. There is no Truth,  
No Holiness, no Peace. This world is Hell,  
And I am Lord of all.*

Then in my agony I cursed the man,  
And the curse fell in truth on him and his ;  
His wife died sudden ere three moons a bride,  
His cattle sickened and his crops were burned,  
While he was struck by lightning in a storm,  
Since when, one arm hangs helpless at his side ;

## THE LEGEND OF ROSIAL

So was it said this devil's work was mine.  
They said I killed my little baby too,  
But that was false ; I had no food for her,  
No fire to warm her (it was winter-time),  
And One came by in misty robes of grey  
With folded purple wings and sheath'd sword,  
And stopping, where I sat beneath this tree,  
He smiled on her, saying, '*Tis better so,*  
*Lo, I am Death,* and took her from my arms.  
I laughed for joy to think that she was gone,  
That they could never drive her from their doors  
Nor persecute her for her mother's sake,  
That she was free. So was I also free  
To die, or live and sin, just as I chose ;  
So have I lived three years in misery,  
Have suffered cold and want and loneliness,  
Have seen the birds die, and the leaves and flowers,

## THE LEGEND OF ROSIAL

Yet never has that One come back for me,  
Though I have watched for him by day and night  
And thought to see his wings among the trees.  
And now thou comest, yet thou dost not speak,  
The cloud-wracks drifting slow across the moon  
Half hide and half reveal thy grieving eyes.  
What wilt thou have me do ? ”

“ To follow Me.”

The words fell on poor Rosial's wondering ears :  
“ I am an outcast and a witch,” she cried,  
“ And dost thou deign to bid me follow thee ? ”  
The Stranger spoke again : “ Look, Rosial, give  
Me thy hand.  
“ I am thy Friend, thy King. Dost thou not  
know Me ? ”

Then she, trembling, sank  
Down on her knees and clasped her hands in awe,

## THE LEGEND OF ROSIAL

So weeping, cried : "Yea, Lord, I know Thee  
now."

The legend runs that she was seen that night  
To pass along the highway, as if led  
By someone, for she neither paused nor turned,  
And one or two said that they saw her Guide.  
'Tis true they found her on the morrow-morn  
Dead, at the Calvary seven leagues away,  
A fair white lily lying on her breast  
All freshly plucked. And it was winter time.

## The Spell

“Once in the forgotten days a child lay on the knees of the Grey Woman, and this was the song she sang as she wove the thread, and the End is Now.”

To want the Eternal Woman  
Till all the world grows grey,  
And you feel yourself grow further  
Far away.

To wake each day to want Her,  
Till you grudge the dawning light,  
When the hours grow long and longer  
Till the night.

To live alone in Dreamland  
In a kingdom of your own,

## THE SPELL

Where She lives and reigns for ever  
On the throne.

While the days slip through your fingers  
Like to ebon rosary beads,  
And with litanies are mingled  
Lovers' Creeds.

To long and wait, in silence,  
Your small treasures to unfold,  
Yet to hoard them like a miser  
Hoards his gold.

To stand upon the Threshold,  
Yet to hold your breath with fear  
Lest the visions fade to cloud-wreaths  
Seen too near.

## THE SPELL

To have and hold, yet tremble,  
To dream and love and wait,  
To falter at the crucial point,  
This is your Fate.

“And thus, and thus shall it be,” said the Grey Woman,  
and the thread snapped.

## The Graveyard on the Hill

I HEAR the dead men talking in their graves,  
They whisper through the hour before the dawn,  
And all the while the pattering raindrops fall  
Upon the grave-stones, eerie and forlorn ;  
They whisper and they wring my heart with fear,  
Shall I too whisper when I'm lying here ?

I hear a dead man moaning in his grave,  
Does the wet earth weigh heavy on his head ?  
And does he seek relief from me, who stand,  
Helpless, alas, to help the moaning dead ?  
I lay my hands upon the waving grass,  
And pray to God his weariness may pass.

## THE GRAVEYARD ON THE HILL

I hear a woman crying in her grave,  
It is not weariness with her or pain,  
But all the hunger in her heart that cries,  
And in the grave we surely cry in vain ;  
I kiss the sods there where her weeping face  
Seems to look through the grass a little space.

A primrose light steals up along the sky,  
Fore-runner of the glory yet to be,  
The sadness of the night is hid away,  
The dead no longer now can speak to me ;  
They sleep beneath the yew trees on the hill,  
The graves are silent and the dead are still.

## The Ghost-Child

### I.

THE Ghost-child stands in silence by my chair,  
With twisting fingers, and her dank, dark hair  
Brushed back in ugly fashion of those days;  
She peers at me with shy short-sighted eyes,  
With dread unspoken question waits replies,  
Like some dumb animal her looks and ways.

“The gulf of years lies wide between us two,  
Yet you are me, Ghost-child, and I am you,  
I see the Past, and you the Future see.”  
The pathos of this lonely helpless thing

## THE GHOST-CHILD

Asking the question with its cruel sting :

“What have you done, what will you do for  
me?”

“I hungered,” murmured she, “when I was you.”

“Alas, Ghost-child, alas, I hunger too ;

You dreamed what could not be, and so have I,  
The things you dreamed, yet could not under-  
stand,

Are there in sight, but just beyond my hand,  
Like you I ask, and there is no reply.

“Forgive my offerings, Child of Bygone Years,  
Nothing have I but failures crowned with tears,  
Nothing of life but one entangled thread ;

I know not if I’ve missed or marred your way,  
Whether the dusk means night or dawn of day,  
If I shall lose or win when all is said,”

## THE GHOST-CHILD

“What ’s done is done, and we must bear the cost  
Of my mistakes; yet all is not quite lost,  
Both knowing that one thing is worth the strife,  
So shall we take our failures in our hand,  
And passing to that distant Shadow-land,  
Shall learn to read the Mystery of Life.”

## The Ghost-Child

### II.

THE Ghost-child comes again to-night to me,  
But so transformed, transfigured ; can this be  
The same who came before so questioningly ?

Her eyes, so weary-full of tears that night,  
Are shining now with the triumphant light  
Of one who sees the longed-for goal in sight.

The drooping mouth, so strangely terror-wise,  
Is all one radiant smile of ecstasies,  
Wisdom of Joy, which never, never dies.

Drawn to her full height now, she stands so tense,  
With clasped hands, eager in her childish sense,  
To make me know her heart's full affluence.

## THE GHOST-CHILD

Her head is raised, as though she faintly hears  
The 'raptured harmonies of other spheres,  
While her voice trembles with her happy tears :

“We strove together onward, hand in hand,  
Together reached the dreamed-of Promised Land,  
The Light Revealed shines round us where we  
stand.

“'Tis well that we have suffered in the past,  
That against all the world you held me fast,  
So have we stood together crowned at last.

“Whatever may befall to yours and you,  
Know that we hold, of all Life's Maze, the clue ;  
That Faith can prove the old is always new,  
And Love and Dream are true as Heaven is true.”

## The Cry of the Coward

WHERE does my Hour wait ? Is it in the sea ?  
Will the green waves curl round me icily ?  
Or shall I meet it on a summer's day,  
When all seems fair, and Death so far away,  
Oh, waiting Hour, how will you come to me ?

Oh, Hour of time and place unguessed, unknown,  
It may be I shall meet you when alone,  
That, turning, I shall find you at my side,  
And you will lead me down the way untried,  
And I shall go with no prayers but my own.

It may be I shall see you far away,  
Watch you draw nearer to me day by day,

### THE CRY OF THE COWARD

That I, through pain, shall grow more coward  
still,

And fear and long for you in turns, until  
The secret of my life I shall betray.

Wherever my Hour comes and calls my name,  
Let me hold high my head for very shame,  
Give me the strength my secret still to hide ;  
I have no Courage—let me keep my Pride,  
Let me die game, dear God, let me die game.

## To La Lumiere

If thou should'st ever think of me,  
Remember me as one who came,  
And stood beside thee for a while,  
Who learned to love thine eyes, thy smile ;  
Then backward bore a flickering flame  
Into a world that held not thee  
If thou should'st ever think of me.

If thou should'st ever think of me,  
Think of me, as I am, alone,  
A spirit wandering down the stair-  
Way of the world, and weeping there  
The lost heavens that I might have known :

TO LA LUMIERE

May in thy heart some pity be,  
If thou should'st ever think of me.

If thou should'st ever think of me,  
Thy thoughts will reach me where I stand,  
Across the throbbing fields of space  
I shall look up to see thy face,  
Lady of Light, and feel thy hand,  
A blessing in thy memory,  
If thou should'st ever think of me.

## A Folk-song

You live away among the stars,

Like a white moon.

Your face looks out on the dark world

A still white flower.

Your floating hair is amber-gold,

Like autumn trees.

And I, a slave, beneath your feet,

Worship the ground you shine upon.

Were I your Love, I would enfold you in

A robe of stars,

And among all the rose-leaves of the East

Your path should lie.

### A FOLK-SONG

Were I a god, I should be jealous of  
The earth you love,  
And call you to the distant fields of asphodel.  
But being nothing, as a slave I kneel,  
I lay my heart out in the moonlight of your face,  
And when your shadow falls across my heart, it  
bleeds.

## A Love-Song of the Pyrenees

Out of your smile I weave a silver web,  
And as the day grows down to evensong  
I fold it round my heart, a glistening veil,  
And sit and dream there, shrouded in your smile.

Out of a word from you I weave a song,  
And a dim music, that I only hear,  
Flows through the hours of sunshine and of storm,  
The music of the stars out of one word.

Out of your silences I build my heaven,  
A strange fair garden, 'neath a slumbering moon ;  
Amid the din and chatter of the world,  
I dwell there in my Heaven of Silences.

## A Ballad of Old France

I LAID my head on my Lady's knees,

*(Ohé, ohé.)*

As we sat under the orchard trees ;

*(Ohé, la vie.)*

I gazed up into my Lady's eyes,

A dearer blue than the summer skies.

*(Ohé, la vie et l'amour.)*

I watched the sun on her amber hair,

*(Ohé, ohé.)*

A captive it lay and slumbered there ;

*(Ohé, la vie.)*

While her left hand lay across my breast,

The other my dreaming head caressed.

*(Ohé, la vie et l'amour.)*

A BALLAD OF OLD FRANCE

She closed my lids with her fingers pale,

*(Ohé, ohé.)*

The worship within my eyes to veil,

*(Ohé, la vie.)*

But I heard the song of her heart divine,

As, stooping, she pressed her lips to mine,

“The kingdom of Heaven is mine and thine.”

*(Ohé, la vie et l'amour.)*

## The Lament of the Dead Knight

I HEARD my dear Love  
Crying in the North,  
While all the ice-floes lay 'twixt me and her,  
And frozen by her tears I could not stir,  
Nor reach my dear Love  
Crying in the North.

I heard my dear Love  
Crying in the East,  
Around her lay long leagues of desert-land,  
And I lay buried underneath the sand,  
And could not touch her  
Crying in the East.

## THE LAMENT OF THE DEAD KNIGHT

I heard my dear Love  
Crying in the South,  
The flowers grew so thick about her feet,  
Blinding me with their perfume sickly sweet,  
I could not find her  
Crying in the South.

I hear my dear Love  
Crying in the West,  
Where the green grass is waving over me.  
But, oh, her dear, dear face I cannot see,  
Nor kiss my dear Love  
Crying in the West.

## Nuit Blanche

LAST night I knelt beside thee in the dark  
And heard thee breathing softly in thy sleep,  
And laid my face in silence 'gainst thy bed.  
I whispered to thee, how throughout all time,  
Through all the eternal ages of the past,  
I had been seeking, ever seeking thee ;  
Down all the ages I had followed thee  
Living and dying many a hundred times,  
Sometimes a flower, a tree, a bird, a child,  
Sometimes a ray of light, a passing breeze,  
Existing but to find thee and to die.  
I told thee how the choice had once been offered,  
If I would but forget thee for an hour

## NUIT BLANCHE

And seek a lower love which might be mine,  
I should find peace in the Elysian Fields  
And rest for ever from this warring world.  
I told thee how the answer had been given  
In hearing of the souls of all the dead,  
That I would rather die a thousand deaths,  
And suffer hours of torture and despair,  
Than lose one thought of thee in any age,  
Than miss one passing of thy shadow's form,  
Than fail to hear one whisper of thy voice.

And as I knelt and told thee all the past,  
Thou didst not wake, but heard it in thy dreams,  
And smiled, and sighed, and murmured once my  
name.

## Monsignore

HE was a Greek, pure Greek, and half divine,  
One of the gods of old,  
Strayed from the Age of Gold  
Down to this Age, through some Italian line.

Was he Apollo once, or Jove, or Mars?  
Olympian weariness  
Belied the modern dress,  
His heritage Parnassus and the stars.

What if he only saw his goal afar,  
Here it is never seen  
What the result has been,  
Men greatest by their aspirations are.

MONSIGNORE

One of his latest fights I watched him fight,  
    Though he was hard beset  
    Wounded to death, but yet  
He neither flagged nor blenched to human sight.

He gave to them, in his last agony,  
    That message, but beside,  
    What were the words he cried  
In tongue unknown to all the kneelers by.

In public mourning I might have no part,  
    But the tears that I wept  
    When Monsignore slept  
Were true ones for I wept them with my heart.

## A Farewell to Darthool

A SHADOW sits beside my bed in the grey and  
creeping dawn,  
A white mist like a veil of tears lies on the  
sleeping lawn,  
The birds are chirping as they wake;  
My soul cries with its cruel ache,  
For oh, the long and long farewell is coming  
with the morn.

I feel upon my tortured heart a shadowy hand is  
laid,  
Which e'en in sleep bodes some distress that may  
not be delayed,

A FAREWELL TO DARTHOOL

Fate weaves her web and smiles her smile,  
And nearer, nearer, all the while,  
Draws on the long and long farewell that makes  
my heart afraid.

The raindrops now begin to fall by one and two  
and three,  
The world is weeping at the thought of all its  
agony ;

My tears are far too deep to flow,  
My heart is breaking with the woe  
And pain of all the long farewell between my  
Dear and me.

The rain will cease, the sun will shine, and the  
vast world new born  
Will sing, and there will come again the cutting  
of the corn ;

## A FAREWELL TO DARTHOOL

But as the seasons come and go  
My heart will know no peace, for oh,  
The long and long farewell, my Dear, is coming  
with the morn.

Ah ! when thine eyes no more may shed their  
wondrous light on me.  
And when thy voice no longer may intone  
Love's Psalmody,  
When in thine arms, no longer, I  
May for one moment even lie,  
There is but outer darkness in my life away  
from thee.

I think thou canst not ever guess the world thou  
art to me,  
I sit and worship at thy feet in speechless ecstasy,  
Thou art so beautiful, it seems

A FAREWELL TO DARTHOOL

That I, o'erwrought with ancient dreams,  
Must surely die with the fierce joy of merely  
seeing thee.

The day has come, the dreaded hour, and with  
white face and set,

I stand and hold thy hands in mine, my eyes  
with tears are wet,

I kiss thy honey-coloured hair,

I kiss thy sweet white face so fair,

The tender curving of thy lips,

I even kiss thy finger tips ;

Thus shall I dream I see thee stand

And feel the clinging of thy hand.

Speak to me. Call me by my name. I go from  
thee and yet

Darthool, Dartool, tho' aeons roll, I never shall  
forget.

PRINTED BY R. FOLKARD AND SON,  
22, DEVONSHIRE STREET, QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY,  
LONDON, W.C.

- No. 7. URLYN THE HARPER, AND OTHER SONG.  
By WILFRID WILSON GIBSON. [Second Edition.
- No. 8. IBSEN'S (HENRIK) LYRICAL POEMS. Selected  
and Translated by R. A. STREATFEILD.
- No. 9. THE QUEEN'S VIGIL AND OTHER SONG. By  
WILFRID WILSON GIBSON. [Second Edition.
- No. 10. THE BURDEN OF LOVE. By ELIZABETH GIBSON.
- No. 11. THE COMPANY OF HEAVEN. By EVELYN MOORE.
- No. 12. VERSES OCCASIONALLY HUMOROUS. By E.  
H. LACON WATSON.
- No. 13. BALLADS. By JOHN MASEFIELD.
- No. 14. LYRICS AND UNFINISHED ROMANCES. By  
ALICE EDWARDES.
- No. 15. DANTESQUES. A Sonnet Companion to the Inferno.  
By GEORGE A. GREENE. Author of "Italian Lyrists  
of To-day."
- No. 16. THE LADY OF THE SCARLET SHOES, AND  
OTHER VERSES. By ALIX EGERTON.
- No. 17. THE TABLES OF THE LAW. By W. B. YEATS.  
[Shortly.
- No. 18. STANDARDS OF TASTE IN ART. By E. S. P.  
HAYNES, late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford.  
[Shortly.

\*\*\* Other Volumes in preparation.

LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET, W.









UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY  
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9-50m-7,'54(5990)444

THE LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**AA** 000 364 547 0

PR  
4649  
E31 1

